

Good Morning 787

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

RON RICHARDS' CIVVY STREET GUIDE

PRIORITY IS KEY WORD FOR JOBS

THE time has come, I think, to have a general look round. I have covered quite a number of industries in detail. To-day I will give you more general opinions on your prospects in industry.

Although it is the law of the land and the desire of most employers to reinstate all employees, it will not, in all circumstances, be possible to do so. This is the view given to me by a dozen or more leading industrialists and business men.

Because of the terrific expansions within the engineering industry, we are expecting some trying problems when it comes to reinstating our old employees, an official of the Engineering Industries Association said.

To-day there are about 40,000 engineering works, and during the war the industry has expanded 12 times. In 1939 it was a depressed industry, and as a result has a very low profit standard for taxation.

Many of the firms will not be able to continue in the immediate future, others will be able to carry on only in a very small way.

Problems equally hard to solve can be found in the clothing trades.

While all the wholesale houses wish to welcome back all their old employees, the position is very obscure. The acute clothing shortage, high taxation, heavy overheads, and general low stocks, all indicate that all the pre-war jobs will not be waiting. Under existing conditions it is obvious that many firms will be working on skeleton staffs only.

In the priority industries there is a far more rosy outlook. Housing, food, textiles, transport, etc., will have to expand even more. In these departments the Government are awakening to the fact

that controls, directions, and more controls, will strangle efforts to bring about a revival in these spheres.

The electrical industries, as I pointed out last week, will welcome back all their old employees, and more. The G.E.C. alone has 9,000 men and women in the Services. They want them all back, plus some. And they will all go back at the current market rates. In this same firm, a refresher course has been arranged for all returning employees. Anyone wishing to change from the technical side to, say, accountancy, will be given a thorough training and a job at the end of it. Other allied firms have similar schemes.

The British Iron and Steel Federation has recently made this statement: "We shall have to be able to find good jobs with good pay for all the employees who left us to go to war."

In spite of all controls, they intend doing that. As an example, look at Dorman, Long and Co., Ltd., who have 5,740 employees serving: 97 per cent. of whom have stated that they wish, and intend, to return. They may not all go back to the same mill which they left, but they will be found jobs.

An official of the Motor Manufacturers' and Traders' Society said that the industry will be able to take back all their employees. They are confident that the Government will awaken to the fact that Britain has to make cars, and that sufficient expansion will be made to cope with countless returning and new employees.

Now a word about teaching. There are 50,000 vacancies and you will get priority at the selection boards. You will have to work hard to get one of these jobs. You will have to train hard to qualify for the

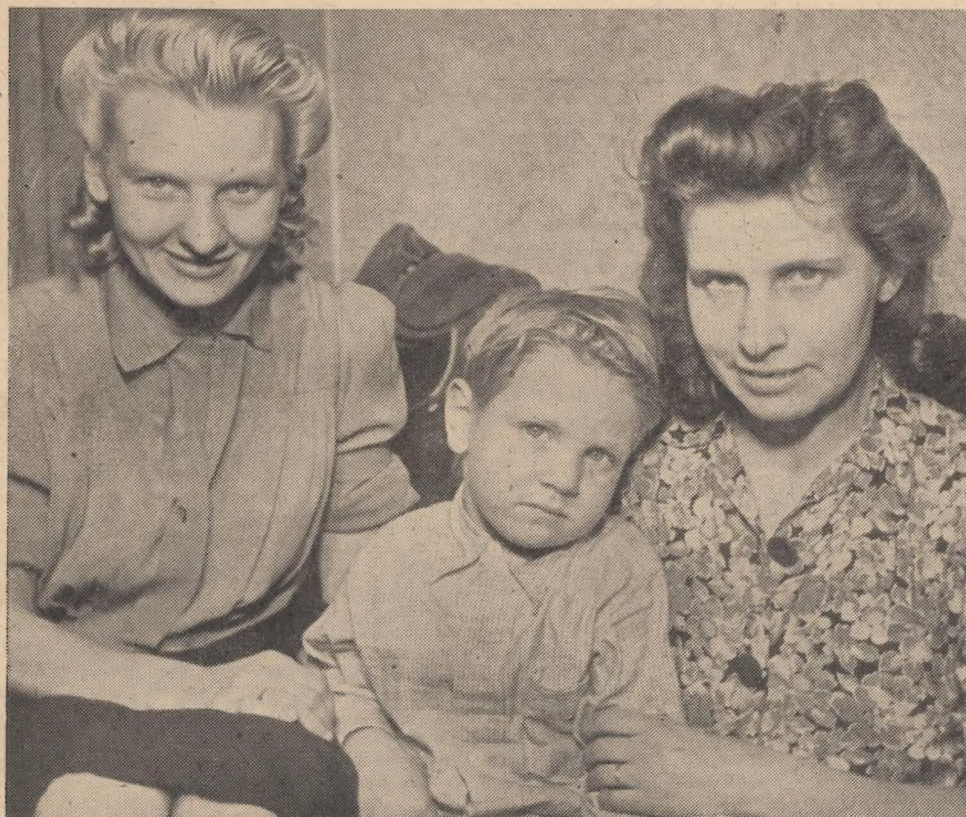
final exams. You will have to work harder when you get the job. Particulars are available at The Ministry of Education, 23, Belgrave-square, London, S.W.1.

LEADING TEL. STAMPTON and others have asked me about jobs in the Post Office. Here is the answer I received at the G.P.O.: "There will be enough jobs for every man in the submarine service if they get in early. They have extended their services so much during the war years, and so many more developments are waiting for the day when hampering Governmental controls are lifted, that there will be jobs by the thousand." For this work you should make application to the Postmaster General, G.P.O., London.

THERE must be a great number of questions that you would like answered regarding your return to civvy street. I am doing my best to answer fully all the queries you send me, but it is a long job. Some of the questions you ask could best be answered by the Resettlement Officer aboard your ship. There is one, according to A.O.F. 5,739/44, which says, in paragraph 3—

"... their Lordships consider that ... in each ship or establishment an officer of suitable rank and qualifications should be detailed as 'Resettlement Information Officer.'"

"These officers should be supplied with a copy of all the Orders and publications referred to, and it will be their duty to make themselves acquainted with all aspects and problems of resettlement and to assist and advise officers and any ratings who may be referred to them by their Divisional or Unit Officer."



A Rival at 47, Sto. Fred Cannon

A VISIT to your Aunt at Herne Hill, that keen on having you and your brother home could not be postponed, prevented us from interviewing your parents at 47 North Hyde Road, Hayes, but we were lucky enough to find your two sisters home at Nos. 45 and 43, Sto. Fred Cannon.

They told us that Mum sends her love, and thanks you for the parcel which you sent her—wrapped in "Good Morning." (That, we suppose, is as good a use as any!)

Dad is a little perturbed about his position at home when you and Chris come home for good. He is used to being boss-man, and thinks this situation may be altered now. However, that remains to be seen.

Chris, incidentally, was expected home at the end of the month we called, but seems to have been enjoying himself quite successfully in Denmark in the meantime.

The day we arrived, your sister, Mrs. Jarvis, had taken Teddy and Joyce to Madame Tussauds. What they most enjoyed were the distorting mirrors.

Mrs. Herve, or Flo to you, has been to Maidenhead to see Winnie and Reuben and the family, and found them all well. She has also made a binge that is going to occur when you arrive trip to Cookham. This "getting-around" is the result of Arthur's having been able to put the car back on the road again.

Young Paul is hoping that you will bring piano again, and meanwhile, maestro, they send some sweets home for him. That was all he their best wishes to you for your return could think of to tell you, but he, too, is very journey.

Incidentally, Chris is bringing home a Newfoundland dog, so your plebian Tony will have an aristocratic rival. Meanwhile, Tony continues to bark ominously when callers knock at the door of 47. We should know—he made us jump halfway back along the path with his sudden volley of barks.

Now about some pals of yours. Jimmy Barret has been home on leave and wants to be remembered to you. He is writing as well, so watch out for letters, Fred. The Holland gang are all well, and Jack's foot is better. When we called, he was hoping to be back at work shortly.

To end the paragraphs about your friends, your sisters told us to inform you that Mrs. Rolfe is still doing well! Anything to say, sailor?

Flo and Lil told us about the VJ Night celebrations, when apparently a fine time was had by all. The children enjoyed themselves singing through a microphone, and the rest of the family had a prolonged session at "The Vic."

That, however, was only a sample of the big and small that is going to occur when you arrive back. All the folk at 43, 45 and 47 hope it won't be long before they will be hearing you at the piano again, and meanwhile, maestro, they send some sweets home for him. That was all he their best wishes to you for your return could think of to tell you, but he, too, is very journey.

THE OLD LADY'S DAY IS OVER

ONLY two or three of the old all-sail ships plough the Seven Seas to-day, and it is unlikely that they will last much longer.

One of them is the four-masted square-rigger, Pamir, a stately bark which has just made the run from Vancouver to New Zealand with her holds full of grain.

Old seamen on the Vancouver water-front could hardly believe their eyes when they saw that mass of canvas come over the horizon.

"A sail! A sail!" they cried. And soon the old queen of romance came sweeping in.

She was built by the Germans, at Hamburg, some forty years ago, as one of the world-famous "Flying P" ships for fast ocean

trade, and even to-day she can beat up her fifteen knots when given the right wind.

She was owned by the Finns when war broke out, but was seized by the New Zealand Government as a prize. They overhauled her, gave her what new rig-out she required, and, putting a New Zealand crew aboard, sent her off as a trade vessel in the Pacific. Ships were scarce in those days, and Pamir came into her own.

She had her adventures, and not only with seas and storms. Running before the trade winds northwards up the Pacific last year she suddenly encountered a Jap submarine.

The sub, surfaced about half a mile away, and it looked as

though one of the last of the old time sailing ships had made her last voyage. But heavy seas were running, and apparently the Jap skipper wasn't taking risks.

At any rate, after having a good look, and probably fumbling lovingly his artillery, he gave the order to dive; and dived.

It was while she was on the way home from this trip that she smacked into one of the worst storms she had ever met. The hurricane tore much of her sail to shreds, but she weathered it and carried on.

Her cargo of grain from Canadian shores will probably be the last she will carry. But at least she will have finished her career in times of glory.

D. N. K. B.

Target for E.R.A. Derrick Roberts

CONTRARY to the usual system, your bull's eye will be the "Target," E.R.A. Derrick Roberts. That is, if we understood your parents when we called on them at 18, Arundel Drive, S. Harrow.

Your father says the beer is like water, but the "Target" itself is still doing well.

Apart from your liquid meals, which seem to be your favourite, Mum and Dad have found a new place to take you for dinner. They spoke very highly of it and recommended it to us for lunch. After the most delicious steak we have ever had, we bear them out wholeheartedly.

Going from food to recreation, your father says that The Wasps are still doing well, and in the time he manages to take from his business, he has arranged a very imposing list of fixtures.

Dad has also found time to clear up the garden so you will not have so much digging to do when you return.

The folk at Coventry hope it won't be long before you will make a trip to see them and are eagerly anticipating your visit.

Talking about trips, the old car is still in running order and Dad hopes it will be able to take you and the family round some of the haunts when you come home.

If you are expecting to get back to civvy clothes as soon as you return, you will have to think again. Yourneen has converted all your shirts and suits to wear herself so you had better think about getting some more.

The initiated might think the next piece of news for you



also had something to do with apparel. You will know differently, no doubt. Dad wants you to know that they still have the "gold watch" hanging on the wall!

Your mother thinks she can safely promise you a few eggs when you come home because the chickens are still laying well.

In the meantime, however, she has a request to make.

She is hoping you have not forgotten that she wants a really huge box of candies. So there you are, Derrick.

Vo, too, is most impatient about your return. She wants you to help her make up her mind about her engagement.

However, her impatience for your home-coming is endorsed by your mother and father too, who are both very eagerly looking forward to seeing you once more.

To end with, here's hoping



Our address still is:
"Good Morning,"
c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

They Built this Ship on a Bias!

DAN'L O'Rourke, proprietor of "Queer ships, too, some of 'em; more to where Dan'l was leaning the Wolf Light, which is situated and beyond them was a big head-land."

the Farewell Saloon, leaned and their survivors all dead! on the bar. "I was on the bridge at the The man in the weather-beaten time that we sighted it, but the suit paused to take another sip second officer, a young man who at his tankard. "Yes, gents and ladies, we had struck ice when we thought we were going straight for Africa. That night we drew near to land and lay-to, and at dawn, stretching as far as the eye could reach, we saw land covered with snow, and just a bit inland was some shacks and Eskimos with sledges and dogs, all as you see 'em in the pictures. "The skipper, he got kind of angry and blamed me for making miscalculations on the course we were steering, but when I showed him my reckoning he agreed that I had done my best. "Well," he says, "we'd better get ashore and find out what this means. Maybe there's bin a big snowstorm all over Africa, and the natives have rigged themselves up in skins to keep the cold out. It's the coldest Africa I ever seen."

On the piazza of the saloon on his face was a weary, wistful have an hour to spare." "The man in the weather-beaten suit drank slowly and thirstily from the glass, putting it down when he glanced through the door-ship never sailed the seas, and here he hesitated he had emptied it thoroughly. "Dan'l keeps better stuff for a moment, then drew a chair quietly forward to the table at special occasions," he said slowly. "Yes, I am the only survivor of the Sidling Susan, as we used to call her in fun, but a queerer about the survivors of the lost ships out there being all dead. Maybe I'm not intruding if I am I, the last of her crew—I, say that I'm the only survivor who was her first officer, stranded because I haven't the money to take me back to dear old England."

They were of the class who visit Havana every season, eager to hear romance and longing for their guides to tell them tales which smack of the dear dead days when Cuba was a bad man's land. "I'll bet there's a sight of ships lying down among the coral out there," said one, nodding out bed." He passed the back of his hand towards the natural breakwater between the lagoon and the ocean. across his lips and glanced once

Steering for Africa they landed in the Arctic

"He said it was more like the beacon of Rathlin Island on the north coast of Ireland."

"I reported his unseemly suggestion to the skipper, and the old man told him that if he made any more jokes about my bearings he would reduce him and send see."

"We got the longboat out of the boat," and the Eskimos came down to meet us. With them was a white man—a missionary."

"It's kind of cold for the Gold Coast," says I, as I stepped out into the icy water and waded ashore. "I never thought you had snow like this near the equator."

"What are you talkin' about," says the missionary quite perky. "This isn't near the equator. You're on the coast of Greenland."

"Yes, sirs, that was where we had landed. Instead of going down to Africa we had come up round the Irish Coast and sailed inside the Arctic Circle."

An exclamation of surprise burst from the tourists as the seaman put down his pot of beer. "What was the matter with

you all?" asked one tourist. "Didn't you steer by compass? That's what sailors steer by, isn't it?"

"It is, sir," said the ancient mariner; "and we had steered by it. That was what worried us. The skipper was in a wax, I tell you."

"He came ashore to hear with his own ears from the missionary about it, and the Eskimos stood round and backed up what the missionary said. And, what was more, they told us that if we didn't get out soon we'd be caught in the pack ice which comes off the bergs."

"Of course, it was an awful situation. There we were, with a cargo of cotton shirts up near the Pole. You take my word, we thought we were right up the pole in every sense."

"We tried to sell the cotton shirts to the Eskimos, offering 'em a special reduction to take the lot, but they wouldn't have 'em. If we had brought furs, they said, it would have been different, or candles, or fat; but cotton shirts they didn't have no use for. So we took aboard some fresh provisions, and one morning we sailed away."

"But what was the matter with the ship?" demanded the tourist who was standing the drinks. The seaman lowered his forefinger impressively.

"We found it out on the way down from the Arctic, sir. She was biased."

"Biased?" "Yes, sir. It was the young officer Thomson who let out the secret. He had done a cruise in her before we took over, and he knew; and when the firm bought her the people who sold her forgot to tell them of the mistake her builders had made."

"They had built her biased?" asked a tourist eagerly. "What a tragic error!"

"It was, sir, and no mistake. (Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Who is the Patron Saint of England, and when is his feast day?
2. Complete the pairs: Elephant and —; Ross and —.
3. Which of the following are insects? — Woodlouse, Caterpillar, Centipede, Spider, Ladybird, Dragonfly.
4. Of what country is Santiago the capital?

5. For what purpose would you consult "Crockford"?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—

St. Swithin, St. Crispin, St. Stephen, St. Catherine, St. Boniface, St. Denys.

Answers to Quiz in No. 786

1. Cartoonist.
2. Dwyer; Tide.
3. Liberia.
4. Lieutenant-General.
5. Cricket.
6. "A" breaks a series of alphabetical order.



Know what You're up against! says JACK GREENALL

THE SNAIL.

THE Snail is a Gastropod keeping to the white line!

He carts his "prefabricated" around on his back and lives on green plants and compost heaps.

If I owned a snail he'd eat the same as me, or go short!

Although slow on the up-take, and of retiring habits, he goes ga-ga after dusk, and there's no holding him down. In plain basic he goes on the loose!

Very little is known of the snail's matrimonial affairs, but very little is plenty. After reading of one sample, Paludestrina Jenkinsi, who gives the females the berries and reproduces his kind unaided, I think the least said re the snail's matrimony the better!

Land snails are placed in the family Helicidae, tough on the Helicidae clan I know, but somebody, it seems, has to have 'em. My family is cramped for space as it is!

You simply can't lose a snail once he's chummed up with you. Try! Mark his shell, then fling him over the garden wall.

Twelve hours later he'll be back wearing a pained expression, but still eager to renew the old acquaintance!

Try again! Sling him into the next county, or to save argument, the next county but one, then stick around. He'll turn up, his feet hurting him a bit by now, maybe, but still clinging to you like the ivy on the wall.

If you chucked him smack in the middle of the Gobi Desert he'd make it somehow!

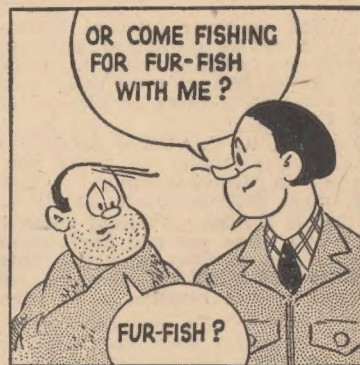
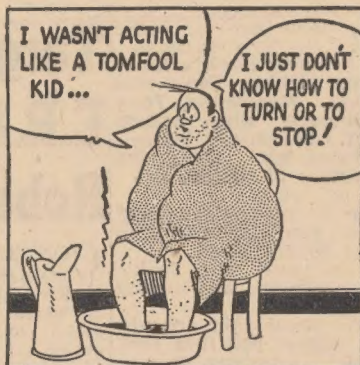
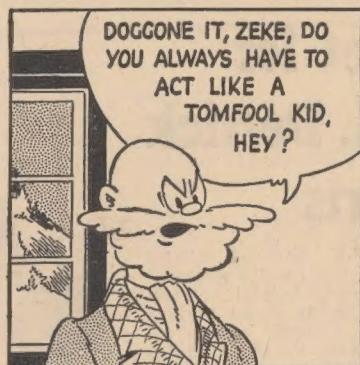
Snails are eaten in France. They're eaten here, too, if not spotted in time, on the lettuce.

Customer: "And you say this preparation is rapid and infallible?"

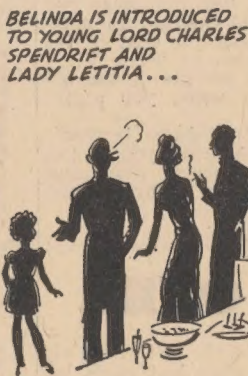
Barber: "It's miraculous, sir."

Customer: "Very well. Grow me a head of dark brown hair, cut it short at the back and sides, give it a singe and dry shampoo, part it on the right, and don't be long, because I've got to catch a train at five-fifteen."

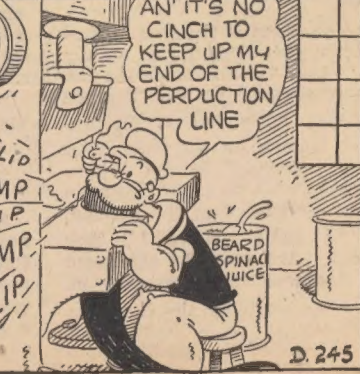
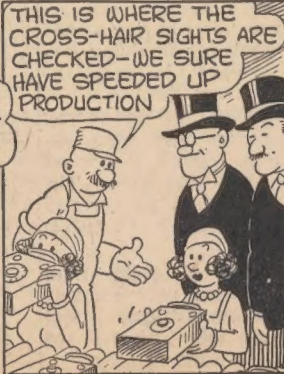
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 725

1. Behead an emporium and get a sort of jump.
2. Insert the same-letter five times and make sense of: henthewater'setriteorireme.
3. What boy's name of six letters can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The old cabman kept his — in a derelict timber —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 724

1. B-lot.
2. The stones smashed all the glass in the shop.
3. VEIL.
4. Sung, guns.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Ship with a Bias!

(Continued from Page 2)

Mind you, she wasn't any different from any other ship to look at; but her builders—the head of the firm being a great bowler, sir—had nailed her keel on a bias. Kind of absent-minded like; and then he had found it out when she made her maiden trip. Of course, we didn't know until Thomson told us about it on the way down."

"He put his tankard down on the table, and the tourist made a sign to the coloured waiter to fill it up again, while the stranger continued."

"Well, sir, the worst was to come. The skipper had a brain-wave. He and I was standing on the poop when the idea struck him. 'We daren't try to get into England with this cargo of shirts,' he says, 'and there's trade to be done among them Eskimos. I votes that we sell the shirts to

the Newfoundlanders, and buy furs there to sell to the Eskimos. That'll even up the trip,' he says."

"You see, sir, he had some shares in the company as owned the Susan, and what he said went. I agreed with him that it was a good idea."

"We got to work on the course and made out as if we were heading for the Atlantic and home, and we sailed along like that, knowing that the bias would bring us in the direction we wished really."

"It was difficult to work it out exact, but, by bearing every day three or four points out of the course the ship was headed for, wave. He and I was standing on the poop when the idea struck him. 'We daren't try to get into England with this cargo of shirts,' he says, 'and there's trade to be done among them Eskimos. I votes that we sell the shirts to

foundland, after all, for the Sidling Susan, as we called her by this time, brought us down the coast quicker than we reckoned, and votes that we were arrested by the Dry Navy

THE GUARD WAS THERE

STROLLING through the wood which formed part of the estates attached to his magnificent summer home, the Peterhof Palace, near Leningrad (then St. Petersburg), Czar Alexander the Second, of Russia, came upon a solitary soldier standing on duty beneath the trees. The year was 1860.

Perhaps because he was of an enquiring nature, or maybe because he resented this intrusion in his contemplative walk, the Czar asked him what he was doing.

The soldier replied, with a salute, that he was on guard, but on being asked what he was guarding, admitted that he did not know.

(To be continued).

getting really interested. He got the N.C.O. to call up the Officer of the Guard.

When this personage appeared, he, too, was as beaten by the problem, as were the N.C.O. and the soldier.

The thing worried everybody. If the mystery was not explained they felt they would go mad.

And at last someone gave a shout, and went scurrying off to the Czar giving loud whoops along the passages of the Peterhof Palace.

About a hundred years before, the Empress Catherine had come the Czar ordered him to call his across a modest violet—one of the N.C.O. But on the same question first of Spring—in the grass of being put to him, he, too, was stumped as to why the guard was put on this particular spot.

There was no obvious reason for it. All he knew was that a guard had always been placed there every day, and he had obeyed and orders in setting the soldier work, having been set in motion, continued to run—for a hundred

By this time, Alexander was years. —D. N. K. B.

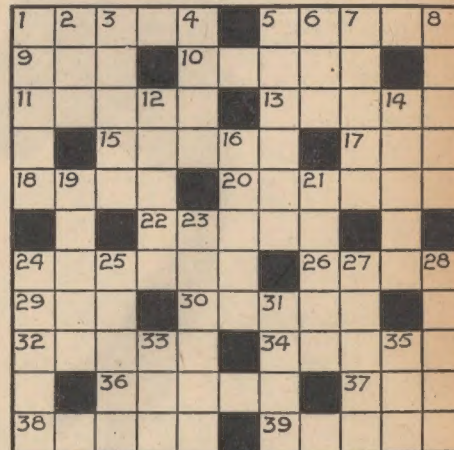


"Then he took my engagement ring and my nylons right from under my nose!"

Shopwalker: "I noticed that your last customer did not buy anything, but he seemed very pleased. What did he want to see?" Girl Assistant: "Me, at eight o'clock."

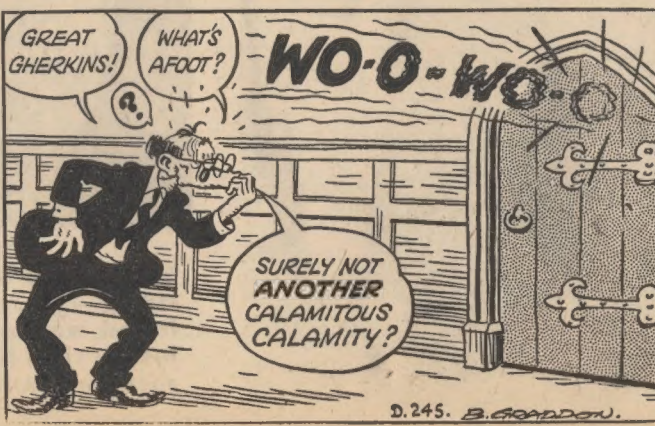
CROSS-WORD CORNER

SHRANK BOER
COAX EVINCE
UNREST TARN
DOE ACT GUT
U ADHERE A
CROWD AURAL
R UNLACE V
APT EMU TIT
CURB UPROAR
KRAALS ALTO
SEND EAGLET



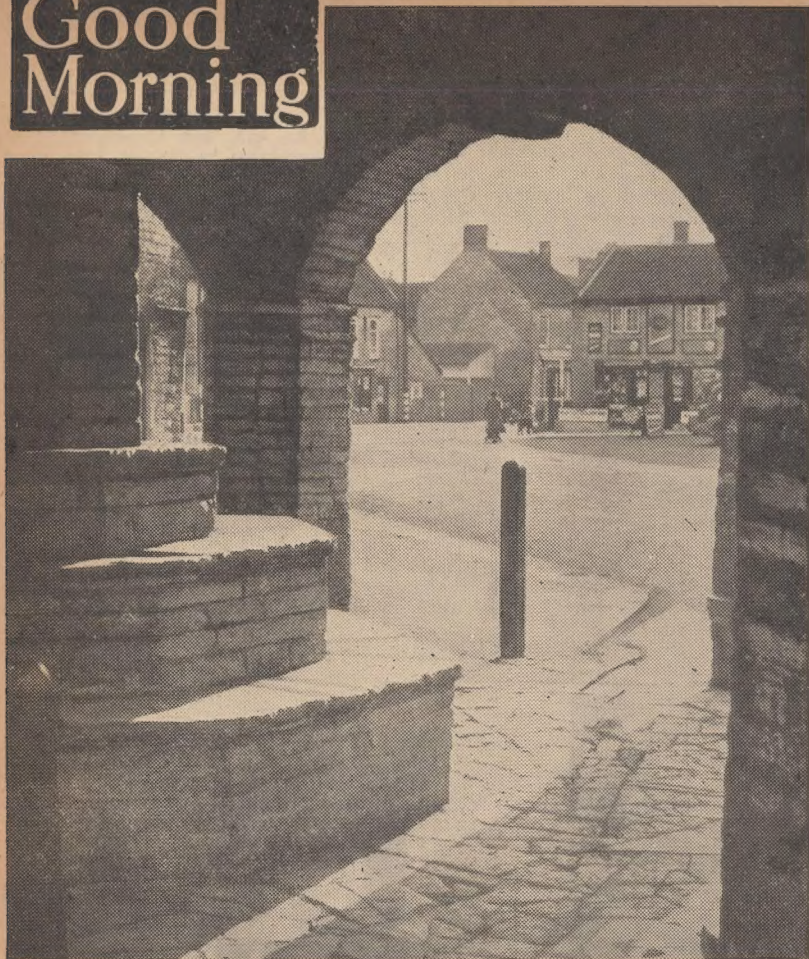
CLUES ACROSS.—1 Own. 5 Selective instinct. 9 Place for animals. 10 Countrified. 11 Disproportionate. 13 Badly. 15 Foe. 17 Except. 18 Girl's name. 20 High nests. 22 Arrogance. 24 Knob. 26 Afresh. 29 Mineral. 30 Handsome woman. 32 Spear. 34 Correct. 36 Regretful. 37 Poke. 38 Used up. 39 Fashion.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Blue. 2 Put on. 3 Exemplary. 4 Pine. 5 Ragged. 6 Thrash. 7 Elsewhere plea. 8 Reclines. 12 Inappropriate. 14 Kid-skin. 16 One of U.S.A. 19 Girl's name. 21 Kingdom. 23 Boy's name. 24 Big pill. 25 Tight. 27 Poor. 28 Sector. 31 Ballads. 33 Study. 35 Nothing.



D. 245. B. GARDON.

Good Morning



SUNSHINE IN SOMERSET.

The charm of an English village is captured with delightful simplicity in this sunshine and shadow view of the heart of Somerton, perhaps the loveliest village in Somerset.



ICI UN GOSLING !

And the children's faces, as they watch the odd little fellow clamber from his natural element, are a study in innocent happiness. They're our guests, staying at Ascot while their Daddies soldier in the French Army.



HOLD ON, SISTER !

You're putting it straight in the horse's mouth, but that's no way for a lady to hand out tit-bits. When you grow up, we'll show you the right way of necking !



TIGHT-ROPE TAGGER.

Stepping it out half-way up this giant ball of string — yes, rope — you'd think our sleek young friend was exercising. But all this climbing is just to tie a label on the 4-ton coil. Sorry, our snooping camera was stopped at the four-yard mark !



STAR SWEETHEART.

But no star — yet. Our clean-limbed, lovable friend with the fine points and winning smile has just been crowned Queen of Service Sweethearts — and the name, in case you meet her, is Eleanor Cahill, a product of California.



TWO - PIECE.

Wilde by name — and we like 'em that way — Lee and Lyn cast their big blue eyes across California's wide, open spaces. There's fun for husbands here, with a mix-up in view !